

We were human once

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Dedicated to all those who fight, and continually struggle
to solve the problems of the world.

Thank you for your tireless efforts!

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Picture

She was happy, when she saw it in the first place,
the picture of her father,
caught his likeness in such spectacular ways,
and she smiled at the way he smiled and laughed,
and looked lovingly,
at the lines on his face,
and at the colour of his skin,
his skin so rugged but soft,
and his nose so elegant in its pose,
and in his eyes,
in his eyes his heart was captured with a light,
that sparkled so bright,
and in her mind was his mind,
and all the conversations that had taken place,
and what a memory,
what a picture,
what skill used in the paints,
and what an evocation of his being,
that lit up her face,
for in her eyes,
in her eyes he was alive,
and she was ever grateful,
as the tears of joy,
tears of joy rolled down her face,
and what a work of art it was,
what a work of art,
that captured her heart,
in the picture of her father,
the picture of her father,
that now takes his place.

Bird

Bird across the greyest sky off to somewhere new,
off to where the sun shines,
and I do not blame you,
for attached to the Earth am I,
and though I wish I could fly,
and seemingly at such ease that you do,
because your wings flap in glorious beauty,
and your efforts make it seem so easy,
and though I am sure it is not,
of your flight's delicate beauty,
I watch amazed and in admiration at you,
for you are an expert, but sadly, not me,
for I am fixed upon the Earth, and I have not the choice,
but I am not complaining at the wonder of nature,
and at your bird song and at the wonder of you.

Rugged and ragged

Rugged and ragged and worn at the edges,
humanity is brought low by words and pledges,
that never usually amount to anything,
for we aim for better societies,
but money eradicates many good intentions,
that people have when they begin to speak on such things,
and with money instead of building up fences,
we tear them down and build barriers,
because money is the barrier,
that prevents the world's problems from being solved,
and money unfortunately,
does not make the world go around.

On the beach

On the beach at night,
such beautiful stars do shine in thine eyes,
and so glorious and bright on the beach at night,
where the moon hangs so gently in the sky,
the boats do cross across the water,
towards the horizon in their gentle flow,
for on the beach at night next to the fire,
that lights our faces aglow,
we eat drink and be merry and rest our weary feet,
with happiness on the beach at night,
and we talk of the places that we still have to go,
and we talk of the experiences that we have had,
and of the bumps in the road,
and on the beach at night,
we enjoy such great company,
as the world has afforded us,
and we watch the sea as we rest,
and we are happy to be alive in life's journey,
and looking forward to the road forever onwards,
that we will know.

Reticence and recalcitrance

Reticence and recalcitrance,
two partners in belligerence,
that will not move and will not bend,
and do not make any sense,
and though you may talk and talk,
some people's mentalities are stuck in a rut,

but how will things change if you cannot comprehend,
and how will things bring any understanding,
of such problems that the world may have today,
for some people are loath to listen, and loath to understand,
but I baulk at them, and I persevere,
for what is this rigidity,
what is this rigidity,
that brings you out into such a fear?

I saw you at the start

Of drugs and into that world you fell,
and alas I knew you once, but you had changed,
you had changed from the person you were,
to an unpredictable person,
a person that I did not know very well at all,
and I saw you at the start, on the path to destruction,
I saw the headlines that featured you,
and I saw your behaviour,
that was out of character to the person that I once knew,
and you,
you mugged, and you robbed,
and you did what you did,
and I shed tears for you,
I shed tears for you, and we became distant,
and now I regret it,
but there would have been nothing that I could have done,
for I saw you at the start, and I read about you at the end,
and you gassed yourself to death in your car,
and when I think of you,
I think of you before all your problems,
and I think of all the great times that we shared,

and I think of the times when you were in such a state,
after your problems began,
and oh, how my heart breaks in two over you,
how it breaks in two,
for who you were,
and who you became, I could not fully comprehend,
or understand but I cared, I really cared,
but I felt helpless,
and I wished I could have helped more than I could do,
but no matter,
no matter how many times I go over it in my head,
it is too late, and you are buried in the ground,
and saving you was more challenging,
than I ever knew would be true.

No home

Wherever,
whenever,
how lonely are the city streets,
in all weathers and in the rain,
and in the sun, the cold, and the snow,
how lonely are the doorways where you shelter,
and how do you trust,
when you have such wariness that fills your soul,
and how do you survive on barely any food,
when it is a matter of survival,
and how do you live mostly without any family,
and how do you feel,
on the park benches,
and in the parks and in the city streets,
where no one barely listens to you at all,

except the charity workers who do an excellent job,
but why should anyone be homeless,
with so many natural resources available,
and available to one and all,
because in humanity,
in humanity should there not be,
more humanity in humanity, to solve problems,
and to help the vulnerable?

Castle

In the ruins of the castle,
I walk the grounds,
I look at the battlements,
and I imagine the battle sounds,
now, it sounds romantic,
but it is not,
because in medieval ages past,
and in such destructive and brutal ways,
they spilled such blood as was the want,
for when thine enemies wanted you dead,
how little choice you had,
but to fight with all you had got,
and with trebuchets, and battering rams,
bows and arrows and swords,
how quickly death came,
and though the ruins of the castle still stand,
and are remembered once more,
and the names of the battles are remembered,
the fallen,
and the dead by name,
by name are mostly not remembered anymore.

Cool breeze

Cool breeze and rough waves which belies the ease,
with which you row your rowing boat,
and with the arms and your limbs,
and the strength of the team,
there is beauty in motion that pounds the waves,
as you gently dip the oars in the sea,
and you cut such an elegant rhythm,
back and forth,
back and forth,
that is forever beguiling in its simplicity.

Fruits in a bowl

Fruits in a bowl of every colour and type,
fruits of the Earth that nourish us,
and are much admired,
for it is a simple pleasure,
but the senses are heightened,
in such subtleties that fall upon us,
for as we smell and taste,
we savour every moment,
and are nourished inside,
as of a kiss of the sunshine,
sunshine on a summers day that does delight,
sunshine, so, so bright,
and so glorious upon the senses,
and how grandly it does come,
in its heavenly wake,
and how beautifully and magnificently,
the sun it does delight once set in its place.

Life and death

Life is disputed by death, death is disputed by life,
and they fight and they fight,
but unfortunately, until there is barely any of the body left.

The health of the world

The health of the world is in a chaotic mess,
with war and disease ridiculing humanity,
for in humanities inhumanity,
the world's health suffers,
in its inequality of care,
and so destructively,
and with poverty all around us,
illness ravages us for all to see,
and with mental health,
and with physical disabilities,
we are all human,
but why, why are there so many people,
so many people who with money on their mind disagree,
and for suffering, do not really care.

Lightly as air

In the bower, so, you came,
so, you came as lightly as air,
so, you came with a spring in your step,
yes, upon the day to your marriage,
where I could have been,
but my dear, we were like wood to a flame,
and we were not to be together for long,

to such eternal shame,
yes, we were not meant to be together for long,
for you were wonderful,
but we had our differences,
and we were not the same,
and yet time, has passed so quickly,
and here I am enchanted by you again,
but in a more distant way,
and I,
I am glad,
glad that you have found peace,
and someone with which you have more in common,
and I will be happy for you I truly will,
truly happy, when you take his name.

Fine

Fine, fine, fine,
you give in this time, though you barely do,
but tonight, you drink a little wine, and I too,
and you are of an intemperate mood,
and I have drawn you out of your solitude,
so, tell me my friend, what is it that is bothering you,
for I can see it in your eyes,
and in your posture that something has riled you,
so, drink a little wine,
and we will find some time to relax you,
because I hate to see you sad,
and I hate to see you mad,
but whatever it is,
talk my friend,
and I will see what I can do.

Wage a war

Wage, wage a war.

Build such machines that can kill faster than before.

Yes, wage, wage a war,

destroy the cities and the countryside,

and the people quicker than before.

Wage, wage a war,

rebuild a country and bring peace

and happiness forevermore?

Wage, wage a war, disagree once more,

and once more, wage, wage a war.

Oh, so many people getting rich by selling weapons,

much richer than before.

Yes, wage, wage a war,

and build such machines that can kill faster than before.

Paranoid state

Arrive early, leave late, make sure no one sees you,

in this oppressive state,

for many are with cold war minds,

and so, you will get to know,

the anxiety and the paranoia of the place,

because the leader who took charge has such ill manners,

and will smash you into the ground,

if you criticise him with excessive haste,

because everything you do will be monitored,

and if you step out of line,

you will be arrested,

but I warn you my friend,

for your troubles you will get a broken face.

Oblique

Oblique and so bleak at times,
life for from you,
it cuts such a vicious wedge,
and it leads you along,
it leads you along a razor's edge,
and tis better to be wary,
for life is never guaranteed,
for time waits for no man,
and time,
time is your enemy.

The clouds

The clouds,
they gather on the horizon,
a recalcitrant lot,
and they bother the sun,
and it bothers them a lot,
and it is an unhappy marriage,
but both allow humans to live,
for from the elements that nurtured the Earth,
where life grew up,
and from up where it was brought,
in an eternal cycle upon the Earth,
it is a miracle that they coexist,
and if the weather did not,
the Earth would be barren,
and void of form like the moon,
like the moon,
and I know where I, would rather live.

Your voice

Before I see you, your voice it grates,
and it shatters the night,
you sound disturbed and mentally unbalanced,
and nothing seems right,
and then, I spot you on the street,
and your eyes are bulging,
and they would give anyone a fright,
for you are on amphetamines,
and it is easy to tell as well,
for that is your pleasure,
but mine is crossing the street to somewhere quiet,
and from the look on your face,
somewhere quiet is far better for me,
better for me than racing around out of your mind,
and not making any sense,
and displaying such unheavenly facial contortions,
and sights,
that are bound to give everyone a fright.

That life

That life was yours, but now it has gone,
for your long years,
have brought you to another home,
and I no longer see your face,
but I, I remember you,
and your smile for in my heart it takes its place,
and in my memories of which are dear to me,
I wander in such elysian Fields,
and I remember our shared experiences,

that through the years are burned in my brain,
burned in my brain, as if it was yesterday,
and what great memories are they, for they make me smile,
and in my vision, them I can clearly see,
yes, I can clearly see,
and with them I do not feel alone,
and in the photograph beside me there is a little of you,
and I remember the time that we spent together,
and I am glad that when we walked the Earth,
we walked together in each other's company,
and of those times, I took them all in,
I took them all into my heart,
and I never forgot a thing that we had experienced or seen,
and now,
now my friend,
there is and there always will be,
a little of you in me.

Across the fields

Across the fields when we walk,
across the fields in all weathers where we talk,
the light does shine down in its various shades,
and with the beauty of the light,
each colour colours your face and mine,
no matter what the mood portrays,
for light bends and weaves through time,
in its magnificence and we are affected by it in such ways,
such ways that affect such states of mind,
that life by circumstance has thrown our way,
for no matter what season,
spring, summer, autumn, or winter,

we take it all in,
and through the sunshine and the rain,
and the snow and the grey's,
we are captured in its variation,
for light from the sun and the sky and the clouds,
and the moon and the stars,
they portray the universe's heart in such spectacular ways,
and yes, we are taken to places of light and dark,
where our emotions play,
and we are captured in wonder,
where nature fill us with its glory,
and our minds are captured by the light,
that the universe does impart in its magical ways.

Vocation

What a vocation is life.
Yes, to live and to breathe,
and to experience and to feel,
and to travel the world,
and explore with the imagination,
the hearing, the mind, and the eyes.
What a great thing it is,
to experience things that you have never experienced before,
and oh, what a vocation is life,
and how incredible it is to meet and greet new people,
and to listen to them as they talk about their lives,
and how glorious it is to share such times,
as on the earth,
that in its wondrous variation it does prescribe.
Yes, oh, what a vocation is life,
and what a wondrous thing to learn,

and to grow with such strength in glorious fascination,
and curiosity that feeds the mind,
is a magnificent thing,
and so too, to be with family,
and experience the joys of the world,
and to share the love and a common bond in humanity,
and humankind,
and what wonders communication can bring,
for under the clouds, the sun, and the sky,
and upon the Earth so blue,
and under the moon and the stars that shine so bright,
in the night in the universe,
in the universe that created me and you,
how beautiful life is awaiting new experiences to be had,
with each day rendered fresh,
rendered fresh and new.

Unhappy

She was unhappy,
but she played at being someone else,
because she did not like herself,
but I said to her you are only kidding yourself,
and you, you should look inside,
and at that she frowned and sighed,
but that is the trouble,
when people do not want to face themselves,
and they cannot help themselves,
and they will not take advice,
and they will not listen,
but you cannot teach everyone,
no, you cannot teach everyone to be wise.

Suffragettes

You were beyond the pale, or so they used to say,
yes you, you who campaigned for change,
but when others tried to derail you, and slander your names,
Emmeline Pankhurst,
Emily Wilding Davison and many others,
you fought for equal rights and equality,
and bravely and courageously,
you stood strong you suffragettes,
and whilst many belittled your names,
you put your lives on the line,
and Emily Wilding Davison,
you threw yourself under a horse,
and you died for your cause,
you died for your cause in such a spectacular way,
yes, a spectacular way, but thanks to you,
thanks to you, the world has changed forever,
and for the better,
and we are more than grateful,
of the sacrifices that you have made.

Blood money

Lipstick kisses, the streets late at night,
holding hands in the city, as money changes hands,
and bullets are loaded in a gun,
ready to administer a contract on a life.
Now what is it to be a killer?
And what is it that brings you to such a state of mind?
To such a state of wickedness and inhumanity,
earning money through greed, and from depravity,

yes, you with a coldness of heart,
and a dark minded mentality, you walk the path of death,
and have forgotten the value of life, and what it meant.
For you revel in the money and with blood on your hands,
you will want more, when the money is spent,
and when the hole in your wallet,
is burning a hole in your mind,
you will not hesitate to kill another,
and continue to enjoy your life.

Conscious

Are you conscious of yourself, because,
I am worried for your health, and you seem quiet,
and out of sorts, which is unusual in a way,
for you normally bring such chaos to the table.
and you rip up the rule books,
and set fire to the world with revolution,
and express your rage out loud,
and as the world tries to catch up, with your master plan,
I smile to myself, for of your master plan,
whatever it is I am always proud.
yet today, you seem different,
and I am not used to you being quiet,
and I would not wish to change you,
for the world, the world is bad enough,
and an advance through revolution,
and an improvement, no matter how small it is,
is much better than going nowhere fast,
and better than having to live eternally, with the damned,
and the insufferable, that shatter your mind,
and that cut at your heart.

Spark

She lit the spark that caught her heart a flame,
she lit the spark,
and she said hello to a stranger,
and she asked may I know your name,
may I know your name,
but the stranger replied,
I am sorry, but I am just about to catch a plane.

She figured it out

She figured it out.
She figured out that you were wrong,
you with your wandering eye,
that caused her so much pandemonium.
She figured it out,
but she wished that she knew what you were like all along.
Yes, you,
you of weak moral turpitude,
you treated her badly and you did her wrong,
and you tried to take all her money,
and she kicked you out and cut up your clothes,
and when you left, she was grateful.
and away you ran into the setting sun,
away you ran with your reputation in ruins,
and every woman,
aware of a man who had no heart,
and who did not care except for himself,
and who only had an eye for your wealth,
and so, you are best left alone,
best left alone and feeling sorry for yourself.

Heart in your hand

You hold your heart in your hand,
and you are open to many,
but many do not understand,
and some see you as weak,
but I see strength in your willingness to listen,
and I see strength in your emotions,
and in your compassion,
whilst others see you as a victim and you,
you they cannot understand,
but you do not change,
you do not change for the world is a bitter place,
and the world is better off,
with your light that you shine upon the world,
and you are better off as you stand.

Corruption in the world

There is corruption in the world.
There are lies in the psychology of the brands.
They tell you this and they tell you that,
and they try to sell you everything,
and to make you break the bank,
break the bank with their marketing research,
and their marketing plans.
And they appeal to your better nature,
and they think that you are soft,
and they tell you it will make you feel better,
and it will make you happy,
and they tell you to think of how much time you will save,
by looking fabulous faster today,

for our products will be of benefit to you they say,
with words that assuage,
and your money will be of more benefit to us,
than you so please do not dismay,
for our products are fantastic,
and with their words they will part you from your money,
quicker than you think,
and if not, they will keep trying anyway.

The garden

The walls of the garden enclose me now,
and I am surrounded by the flowers,
and enveloped in their scent,
and under the blue sky and the sun I stand,
and the fragrance it enamours me,
and I revel in it as from the Earth to the heavens,
and skywards it is sent.
And I delight at the flowers glorious colours,
and I am brought alive by nature,
where time stands still,
and I am in Bliss.
And I enjoy the moment with the bees,
the birds and the butterflies,
floating and flying amidst the trees,
and the daffodils where they live.
And I wonder at the creator of life,
and at the time,
they took to make it all,
and I am grateful to be here,
and to be able explore the colours of the rainbow,
and the spectacle.

Damage

The damage has been done,
consistently upon the world,
by the savagery of man,
for evil seems to be inbuilt with the iniquities of leaders,
that pried piper like lead their countries to war,
and destruction,
over wealth and greed and land,
and the damage has been done,
through poor decisions,
and through their nefarious plans,
and though they are cowards,
many brave souls will die for them,
but how many of the leaders will die for their countrymen,
their countrymen whose lives they undervalue,
and about who they do not really give a damn.

We say

We say things we do not say.
We hold the words in our minds,
and in our mouths,
and we control ourselves,
whilst wanting to say,
everything that we should not say.
And we say it with our eyes,
and we calmly stay quiet,
because being quiet,
in front of the opinionated,
is usually better,
and I would rather be that way.

Bore

The world sometimes is a frightful bore,
for it leaves us be mostly,
so, we do not leave it alone anymore,
and we try to organise it from the chaos it was in before,
for the world sometimes is a frightful bore,
but sometimes it has enough of us. and with earthquakes,
and with monsoons, hurricanes, and typhoons,
it tells us to stop,
it tells us to stop interfering,
and it is a bit more exciting than before.

UC

UC.

IC.

We C.

We C where we can B

:) 4 we R free

& IC as 1 how gr8 2 can B.

4 I <3 u & u <3 me.

Abbreviatedly.

Emails and letters

I receive a letter now and then,
but mostly emails these days,
from my friends,
and I bet the trees are pleased,
I bet the trees are pleased that the world,
the world is murdering less of them.

Heavens

The heavens are in all of us,
no matter which religion we belong to or do not,
for we are all human,
and of such variation,
and the brain it is a wonder of creation,
for it holds the wonder of thought,
and the world that we see,
and the view is spectacular,
and we watch and listen,
and take it all in with a continual evaluation and refrain,
what beauty there is in the world and us,
and long, long may it remain.

Drugs

Shallow waters, still is the night,
moon, stars, rocks, and trees,
a sandy beach,
palm trees and music playing in the Caribbean night,
the Caribbean night,
filled with talk and laughter,
a busy harbour,
a quiet beach,
a boat laden with drugs headed for disaster,
for a storm is coming,
and though they know what many want,
they will not reach them,
and will be tortured, shot, and murdered quickly after,
for it is what it is,
a regular occurrence,

when you involve yourself in such chaos and disorder,
for desperation drives the few at the bequest of the powerful,
and those with money,
those with money who sell drugs in vast quantities,
seem greatly pleased,
whilst others feed their addictions,
whilst not thinking of the bodies piling up,
and the families and the children of drug dealers,
are left behind and left distraught after,
oh, such a cost it is death,
that the pleasure of the world orders,
but the drug users are mostly high on ignorance,
whilst the bodies pile up,
of much-loved sons and daughters.

Elements

People and elements of life,
fragmented and disturbed with people,
carrying inside them the false visions of the times,
yes, a mirror of society,
shattered and fragmented,
the reflections of the human mind,
because society is ill,
and the way it works is so hard to define,
so hard for it kicks,
it kicks and it cuts,
and it smashes you up,
it smashes you up and it wears you down,
yes, it wears you down,
and it takes you around the houses and off the beaten track,
with a lack of common sense and logic,

and the world and its population live in absurdity,
and the world continually fails to solve poverty,
and continually fails to solve famine and drought,
and continually fails to solve homelessness,
homelessness in their dystopian world,
their dystopian world,
where they lived unbalanced in their acts.

Sanity

We seek to find sanity,
for we are disturbed by others lack of peace of mind,
and we seek to find happiness,
but the colour of the days,
shadows the world with grey,
in the depression of our times,
and we seek to find clarity,
and humility, when we can,
and we seek to find compassion,
but it is lacking in the world,
for it is of such brutality and frantic activity,
for what is the illness inside humans,
well, I wish I knew,
and I wish I could understand,
for we seek to find the time to,
but life is immaterial,
to the materialism of life,
because the world has gone crazy,
so crazy and for materialism people die,
and people die to have the latest thing,
only for the next one to arrive, in the blink of an eye.